

POETRY.

Labor.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
O'er us;

Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
Unintermitting, goes up to Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps
growing.

Till from its nourishing stem it is given.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ring-
ing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great
heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life giving
shower;

From the rough cloud blows the soft breathing
flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his
part.

Labor is life!—Till the still water faileth;
Fidelity ever deserveth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust as-
saileth!

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of
noon.

Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep
them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that hourly entreat
us.

Rest from world-sorrows that lure us to ill,
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy
pillow;

Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming
billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping
willow!

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are
round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee!

Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond
thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!
Work, for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy!

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God!

From the London Inquirer.

"Let's Make It Up."

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Homely words may we deem them—the season
has flown

When we heard them from others, or made
them our own;

Yet, would that their spirit of sweetness and
truth

Could come to our ears as it came in our
youth;

Oh! would that we uttered as freely as then,
"Let's make it up, brother, smile kindly
again."

Let's make it up."

Let us make it up, brother; Oh, when we
were young

No pride stayed the words ere they fell from
the tongue;

No storms of dissension, no passions that
strove,

Could banish forever the peace-making dove.
If 'twas frightened while from its haven of
rest,

It returned at the sound that would please it
the best—

"Let's make it up."

Let us make it up, brother; Oh, let us for-
get

How it is that so coldly of late we have met;
Where the fault may be resting we'll stay
not to tell—

Its curse on the spirits of both of us fell;
So take my hand firmly, and grasp as of yore,
Let heart whisper to heart as they whispered
before—

"Let's make it up."

Coleridge pronounced the following sonnet
on Night, by the late Rev. J. Blakely White,
the finest and most grandly conceived in our
language:

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent
knew

Thee, from report Divine, and heard thy
name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue!

Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting
flame,

He peers with the hosts of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

"Who could have thought such darkness
lay concealed

Within thy beams, O sun! or who could
find,

Whist fly, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
And that so countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind!

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife—

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life!"

Sanzas.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Farewell Life! my senses swim;
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives:
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn,
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by Pennock Pusey, (a student from
Wilmington, Del.), on the evening of the
close of the Winter Session of Marlboro Sem-
inary, on behalf of the Students—published
by their request.

It is unnecessary for me to go into the usual
formula in speech-making of protesting my
inability to do justice to the occasion—apolo-
gizing for the attempt—regretting that a more
competent person was not selected—my want
of preparation, &c. Suffice it that I have rat-
her trusted to the truth of the old adage,
"Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth
speaketh." The time draws rapidly near
when cumbrous and empty forms will be
burst over by the out-swelling and up-beav-
ing of the strong and determined spirit of hu-
manity, yearning upward and onward from
beneath her grievous load; a time when to
possess a thought—to feel—will be a thor-
ough reason or apology for a full and free ut-
terance of soul. I have no other apology to
make, and desire none.

I am confident I speak to some extent the
feelings of my school-companions, when I
say that the present occasion is a melancholy
one—an occasion which is suggestive of wide
world-embracing thoughts, and of feelings of
mingled pleasure and regret. To me it is so
for several reasons. Independent of the all-
important object for which we have been as-
sociated together, there is something in our
familiar daily intercourse, in making ourselves
companions for each other in all our trials
and pleasures, through evil and through good
report, that has knit us together with more
than ordinary ties.

Commonplace and unimportant as it may
appear, I conceive this occasion, from the ve-
ry fact of its worldly unpretentiousness, to be
fraught with the germs of more fertile and
important results than is commonly imagined.
Drawn together in the pursuit of the same
immediate object, here have we been toiling
hastily away in the chase; at times lagging
wearily behind, and again, fired and embold-
ened, dashing away in the pursuit. And now
here we stand on the beach, as it were, about
to push out on the voyage of Life. A veil
hangs over the future and hides it in profound-
est mystery. No far-seeing or penetrating eye
can for an instant so disturb the veil as even
to catch the merest glimmering of that which
is to come. We who this night look upon the
bright faces of our friends and school-
mates, know not but it may be the last time,
We know not what storms and perils await
us on the troubled Sea of Life. We know
not on which rock we may be dashed, or on
which trackless deep we may founder. We
know not but that ere the haven is reached,
we may pass away and rest beneath the land
or the water. How fitting, then, that we
should meet together in all frankness and in
good faith, and give freely of our counsel and
kind words and well-wishes for a happy
and prosperous voyage! Now that we are
about to go forth broad-cast over the land,
each to pursue the path that may seem to him
meet, it is interesting to reflect how each may
become fashioned by the circumstances in
which he is thrown; how he may cast his in-
fluence about him. 'Tis indeed a fruitful
theme to contemplate what may be the sphere
of each—whether he or she may contribute
to shed light and gladness, or sink to dark-
ness and despair—on which side of Human-
ity's scale each may cast his mite, to cause it
to rise or to sink—whether each may lighten
or increase the burden to be borne.

To me there is nothing more true or beau-
tiful than the great idea of the oneness and
harmony of human interests. To regard an
injury done to the poorest and meanest as an
injury done to the whole, and the happiness
of one as so much towards the happiness of
the race. It is a silken chord that runs thro'
all society and binds men together in the
golden bands of Love and Sympathy—it is that
which bids us to revere the kindred in the
lowliest of the kind. It is the genial soil in
which the germs of all charity strike root and
grow into vigorous life and reality—the inex-
haustible source on which feed all the appli-
ances for lifting the fallen from their depths
to walk erect and drink cheerily of the bless-
ings of life. It clothes the Reformer with
might for the contest and disarms the criminal
of his power for evil. What stronger
stimuli is there needed for the laborer in Hu-
manity's cause than the unequivocal certainty
of the fact that in laboring for the happiness
of masses, he labors for his own happiness;
and that a blow aimed at the freedom and
well-being of the lowliest of his fellows is a
stroke at his own welfare. Only show the
man about to commit an outrage upon Society
that he is aiming a blow at himself, and the
criminal is transformed into a friend of the
race.

I know that men have acted upon the op-
posite principle from this, and in all ages have
sought power and glory by preying upon each
other. I know that they have been cradled
and nourished in the belief of the Divinity of
human butchery, and that their history from
the cradle to the grave, is written in blood.
It matters not that society even now is based
upon the policy of warring upon and sacrific-
ing its members. Men have only to be con-
vinced of the truth of the sublime idea that
our interests are all bound up inseparably and
eternally together—that a wrong done to one,
is wrong to the whole, and that happiness for

one is happiness for the whole; and all wars
and contentions—all measures and appliances
for torturing and punishing human brothers,
vanish as the mist vanishes before the rays of
the morning sun.

I have said let men only be convinced of
the harmony and unity of human interests.
Ah! but in that I conceive lies the whole se-
cret of human redemption and progress. And
here I find myself brought to a consideration
of the vast subject of Education and knowl-
edge. I approach it reluctantly, and with
misgivings as to my ability to get out my
thoughts. Great as are the appreciations of
the importance of education and the disposi-
tions made for its advancement, it becoms
me that the true grandeur of the thing in all
its life-renewing resources, is scarcely yet
conceived. And it must needs be so; for
they only who have climbed partly up can
see to the full height of the mountain. Hu-
man knowledge is the vast original whole, of
which all other subjects are but parts emanat-
ing as the branches of the out-spreading oak
emanate and owe their existence to the life-
giving principle of the mother trunk. It is a
privilege of man that he inquire involuntarily
of the causes for the effects he beholds
about him. He is a progressive, climbing
creature. The lap-danled infant, as its face
waxes in beauty and perfection by the up-
flashes of intelligence, eloquently typifies its
title to be of the species which climbs unceas-
ingly from its groundward sphere in yearn-
ings for communion with the infinite.

The importance of education is not, cannot
be overrated. It is the groundwork for hu-
man hopes of salvation—the channel for, and
necessary prelude to all lofty aspirations.—
The limit to human knowledge has never yet
been reached, and who shall say that it ever
shall be reached? They who grovel on sul-
lenly without a desire for knowledge, have
their vision bounded by a narrow boundary,
far within the reach of human enterprise.—
They regard their contracted stage as suffi-
ciently broad, and its boundaries as impene-
trable barriers, never dreaming of the vast
unexplored region and boundless treasures
which lie beyond. This is for those who
have studied, for they only who are com-
paratively learned, know of what there is yet
to be learned. The boy who thought to climb
into the sky by passing to the horizon that
bound his view where earth and sky seemed
to meet, was as near gaining his purpose as
he who thinks to attain the end of knowledge
by reaching as far as he now sees. Like the
boy, he beholds on arriving, that he is no
nearer accomplishing his object than if he
had made no attempt. The grief of Alexan-
der the Great, who, after conquering the world,
wept that there was no more to conquer, was
light compared with the misery of man, were
he deprived of the eternal stimuli which im-
pels him onward and upward to seek after
that which is never attainable—an infinity of
knowledge and perfection. Ah! indeed,
would he then be miserable, could he once
gain the point beyond which there is nothing
to strive after. Then would he have tripped
from under him his very aim and staff of life
—his hold upon existence; and be more
worthless than the helpless vessel cast adrift
upon the ocean, without aim or purpose, to
become the sport of the waves. Surely that
man must be wretched who already fills his
his own ideal of perfection—who sees not be-
yond his present position and desires that
which is just beyond his reach. How true
it is that the more we learn, the more we see
to be learned. He has taken a great step in
the path of knowledge who has learned enough
to know how ignorant he is. How narrow
seems the idea which prescribes a beginning
and an ending of Education—a beginning on
commencing the Common School, and a fin-
ishing at some College graduation; as if we
were not always learning and could ever gain
the end of knowledge. It commences with
the first breath into the world, and closes not
till the last. It begins with the look, the
smile, or the frown of the parent, and is car-
ried on in its various successions around the
family fireside. The child drinks in knowl-
edge from a thousand sources by the gradual
unfolding and various phases of the innum-
erable objects about him, long ere he dreams
of school. There is no over-rating the influ-
ence of the family circle. Human weal and
the destiny of nations hang upon its influence
for good or for evil. Human governments
and associations of men are but manifesta-
tions of this same influence—mere weather-
cocks to point in the direction of the current,
as the hands upon the face of a watch point
to the passing hour, depending entirely for
their character upon the workings beneath.
Behold then, how much the well-being of the
human family devolves upon each individual
member. There is no proper appreciation of
the might of one determined, strongly com-
missioned spirit, ordained of the divinity with-
in himself, and keenly alive to the wrongs
and sufferings of his fellows—the might of
one such to the pulling down of the strong
holds of error—the breaking of the yoke of
the oppressed and the rearing in their stead
of the sublime truths of human love and
brotherhood. Let no one plead his want of
power. Every one can exert his own influ-
ence for the best he conceives and what can
any one do more?

I need scarcely speak of the necessity for
free inquiry in the acquisition of knowledge;
indeed, it is difficult to conceive of the one
without the other; they go together hand in
hand, each depending upon, and like twin

sisters, either drooping and famishing without
the other. Many have been the dreary toilers
up the hill of science, driven in from their
premises and turned back hungering for their
path, by the stern decrees of despotism. En-
tire, untrammelled freedom of speech, is a
necessary prerogative of knowledge.—
Where there is any restraint there is just so
much less freedom, rendering the tyranny
the more insufferable by its partial enjoy-
ment—by creating a thirst and forbidding to
slake it. They who talk of restriction for
free speech, know as little of its character as
the poor benighted bores of the mines, with
the flickering light of the candle, know of the
vivid brightness and splendor of the noon-day
sun. Its very essence is Liberty, and at the
first attempt to cramp its bounding, out-bur-
sting nature, it withers and dies. The only
remedy for the evils of free discussion, if
there be such, is free discussion. Is it not?
Can there be a cure in its restriction? Ah,
no! That has been tried for centuries, and
has inflamed instead of curing the evil. This
is its chiefest beauty—if there be a disease,
it carries the remedy with it—it is self-heal-
ing. All other means are worse than useless.
If we may not have entire freedom of speech,
how much may we have? Who shall say
"Thus far shalt thou go, but no further!"—
What man or body of men shall assume to
prescribe limits to free speech? A man for-
bids my discussing a topic beyond a prescrib-
ed point. I ask why I am forbidden—he an-
swers, and thereupon commences a debate at
once. The very attempt to crush it involves
a discussion. It pervades our very being—
lives in and about us, and is as necessary to
our existence as the air we breathe. As well
might you attempt to destroy the one as the
other. A dangerous hour is that, when the
first advances are made towards a control over
free speech. It behooves its friends to guard
well the first attempt to establish the preced-
ent in its government. "Let Truth and Error
grapple." Where's the danger? Who
ever knew Truth put to the rout in a fair
fight? Can she be routed? 'Twere dishon-
oring her to mistrust her.

The beauty of the union between free
speech and knowledge has never yet been
conceived. Each acts as the hand-maid of
the other, and either, without the other, is
measurably crippled for good. There is noth-
ing that at once so exalts and humiliates, as
the possession of knowledge in connection
with the unrestricted freedom of speech, and
exalts because it humiliates, for those only are
exalted who are truly humble. Ah, indeed
it is a lovely thing. Not the thing dubbed
freedom, which is loud in its professions of
Liberty when a darling opinion or sect is at
stake, but which, robed in power, demands
the head of the heretic—in this is a small thing,
all history is rife with such. But the free-
dom which bids us hold our opinions lightly
that they may be cast off the more readily
when shown to be false—the freedom which
bids us come together as human brethren, to
"examine all things and hold fast to that
which is good." This is the great thing, and
those who become fired with its beauty and
aspire to walk in its path, behold that it is
even greater than they had conceived.

I have spoken of the tendency to inspire
humility in the possession of knowledge and
free speech. It is true that a man may be
learned in a manner, and yet be arrogant and
presumptuous. But this is when he wraps
himself in his dignity, forbids contradiction,
and shuts out all knowledge of his own lit-
tleness. Such a man strikes down free
speech, and makes a slave of himself by pre-
cluding the right to change his opinions. It
has been well said that the difference be-
tween the ignorant and the learned consists
greatly in having ascertained how little is to
be known. Ah! but this difference is great
and worthy of all efforts to attain it. Those
who are truly learned perceive this difference
the more keenly. I do not mean those only
who are great in book-learning—learned in
great systems of high-sounding words, long
drawn sentences, and fine spun and intricate
theories. The ignorance of the learned in
such cases is often disgustingly bombastic.
But learned in the knowledge of ourselves—
in the training of our boisterous passions—
learned in the way and science of Life—in
walking humbly and doing justly—learned
in the great truth of the unity of human in-
terest, and in the doing to the others as we
would have others do to us. This it is that
enables us to see the difference between the
ignorant and the learned—between humility
and pompousness; and those who possess
this knowledge have an invaluable boon—a
key to the richest treasures of Life, and are
mighty in their meekness.

The advantages of an institution of learn-
ing like this one are not easily estimated.—
They can only be properly appreciated when
we are deprived of them. I have never met
with a School where there was so little of
selfish prejudice and so much of brotherly
feeling and true democracy. Some of its
finest advantages are the gaining of regular,
decisive habits of study—the correction of ir-
regular habits of procrastination and the con-
centration of the thoughts upon particular ob-
jects of pursuit. To those of us who at times
seemed slow of perception and have with
difficulty kept pace with their comrades, I
would say, be not cast down. It is frequen-
ly an evidence of strength and originality of
mind that it is slow to understand, honestly
refuses to be filled with other men's ideas and
stubbornly demands satisfaction. It is rela-

ted of Liebig, the celebrated Chemist, that
when a boy he was repeatedly reprimanded
at school for his dullness and want of suc-
cess; and that upon one occasion when asked
what he intended to become, he answered
a chemist; when the whole school burst out
in laughter and derision of the humble boy.
His great mind refused to be whipped into
the beaten path, but rather chose for itself a
path in which steadily to pursue its future
destiny. Be not discouraged then, but press
vigorously on. It is often said that those
who labor manually for support cannot find
time for self-culture. This is a poor excuse.
An earnest purpose finds time always or
makes time. It snatches up spare moments,
collects fragments, and turns the whole into
golden account. He who labors faithfully,
and applies his means economically, can
have abundance of time. Those who have
the most time generally make the least use
of it. Many of the most distinguished men
of learning of all countries, have been those
who have pursued knowledge under difficul-
ties. When there is a will there is a way.
The little "between whiles" usually thrown
away, when seized with avidity, and used
faithfully, will astonish with the results. It
is thus that men have acquired knowledge.

On behalf of the School I bid you now,
each and all, a last farewell. I cannot de-
scribe to you my feelings on fulfilling this
sad duty. Now that we are about to sepa-
rate, I feel that the ties which bind us to-
gether are stronger than I had conceived.—
Oh! the happy hours I have spent in this
house. I can truly say that the past four
months have been among the happiest of my
life. Often, often when far away amidst new
and more boisterous scenes, my memory will
turn to it in fondness. The attachments I
have formed, and the feelings which have
grown with my growth, and strengthened
with my strength, are engraved upon my
memory in letters of gold, which not even
the stern old monster, Time, can destroy but
with my destruction.

Whatever troubles we may have had—
whatever little differences may have occur-
red to mar our pleasures, and ruffle the smooth
current of our Seminary life, I feel that they
are now all forgotten in the kindest feelings
each for the other, and that we part now as
we have lived together as a band of brothers
and sisters with the sincerest regard and
most fervent hopes for each other's welfare in
the troubled journey of Life. I am confident
all my school-mates will join me in tender-
ing our hearty thanks to our beloved precep-
tor for his untiring efforts in our behalf. Con-
stant and unwearied from morn till night has
he labored for our welfare, ever ready as a
faithful guide to lend an helping up the hill
of Science.

I conjure you now, as a parting word, by
all that is desirable in life, to attend vigilantly
to the thousand little things that knock sil-
ently at the door of the heart and humbly
present themselves for attention. Do not
turn them away—they are the little faithful,
but despised monitors of the heart, and fair
and lovely harbingers of the good time com-
ing; do not postpone them in waiting for
greater things. The battle is not thus to be
fought. The enemy steals in by innumera-
ble unguarded passes. Do not neglect the
rivulets till you recoil appalled from the
accumulated might of waters, and you are
borne irresistibly down the sweeping current.
Who among us have been visited at times
by strange undisciplinable thoughts, which
seemed too much for and almost overwhelm-
ed us for the time. I beseech you to attend
to such—give heed to the light which flits
across your own pathway. Be not ashamed of
your own thoughts. Do not dismiss a
great thought because it is yours. Dare to
doubt, to call in question, and to demand evi-
dence. Be not too proud to learn from the
humblest. "Look not mournfully into the
past," but press on hopefully to the end.—
Trust not too much to the approval of men,
but look home to your own conscience. Look
every man in the face—walk erect and drink
cheerfully of the blessings of Life. May in-
numerable beacon lights attend all your wan-
derings, and happiness crown your efforts;
one and all—FAREWELL.

Benjamin Franklin.

THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD.

The racy description which follows of the
house which was the home of BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN'S boyhood, will be read with uni-
versal interest, not only in this country, but
throughout the civilized world. It is copied
from the Boston correspondence of the Na-
tional Anti-Slavery Standard.

There are few places yet left in Boston of
universal interest. I passed one of the chief
yesterday, in Hanover street, which I
suppose suggested the train of thought (if
such discursive ramblings deserve the name)
in this letter. Do you see that house at the
corner of Hanover and Union street, with a
gilt ball protruding from its corner, and dis-
agonally into the street? It has no architec-
tural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is
a plain brick house of three stories, with
small windows, close together, and exceed-
ingly small panes of glass in them, the walls
of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a house swarm-
ing with associations interesting to well-nur-
tured minds throughout the civilized world.
Read the name upon the ball, and you will
get an inkling of my meaning—"JOSHUA
FRANKLIN, 1698." Yes, that is the very
roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew
up. He was not born there, but his father
removed thither when he was but six months
old, so that all his recollections of home must
have been connected with those walls. The
side of the house on Union street remains as

it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood
but that on Hanover street has been shame-
fully treated. Nearly the whole front has
been cut out to make room for two monstrous-
ly disproportionate show-windows. And this
house, so full, as I have just said of associa-
tions, is fuller yet of bonnets! Yes, by the
head of the Prophet, of bonnets! It is a bon-
net warehouse, and from the inordinate win-
dows, aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and
shapes eye you openly out of countenance,
while mountain-piles of band-boxes tower to
the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent like
Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that
I should say anything in derogation of bon-
nets, any more than of the fair heads that
wear them, but I would that they had another
Repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the
house before it had undergone this metamor-
phosis. It was occupied, in part at least,
some eight or ten years ago, by a colored
man, of the name of Stewart, a dealer in old
clothes, who thought of buying the premises
and wanted my advice about it. I gladly
availed myself of the opportunity to view
them. The interior of the house was then,
I should judge, in the same condition that
it was when the worthy old soap-boiler and
that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age,) his
world-renowned son lived there. There were
the very rooms in which the child-Franklin
played, the very stairs, up and down which
he romped, the very window-seats on which
he stood to look out into the street. The
shop on the street was unquestionably the
place where he used to cut wicks for the can-
dles, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the
customers. I pleased myself with imagining
which room it was in which his father sat,
patriarch-like, at his table, surrounded by his
thirteen children, all of whom "grew up to
years of maturity and were married." And
you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep
into the cellar where Poor Richard, in his
infantile economy of time, prepared to see
his father that he should say grace over the whole
barrel of beef they were putting down, in the
lump, instead of over each piece in detail as
it came to the table—a proposition which
inclined the good brother of the Old South
Church to fear that his youngest hope was
given over to a reprobate mind, and was but
little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know
which of the chambers it was that was Frank-
lin's own, where he educated himself, as it
were, by stealth—where he used to read
"Bunyan's works, in separate little vol-
umes,"—and "Barton's Historical Collec-
tions,"—small chapman's books, and chap;
forty volumes in all."—and "Pitcairne's
History of the Islands of the South Sea,"—
not to mention "a book of De Foe's called
"An Essay on Projects," and "Dr. Mather's
called "An Essay to do Good," and where, too,
his lamp, (or more probably his candle's
end,) was "off seen at midnight's hour," as
he sat up the greatest part of the night, de-
vouring the books which his friend, the book-
seller's apprentice, used to lend him over
night, out of the shop, to be returned the next
morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed
them! Seldom have literary pleasures been
relished with such a gusto as by that hungry
boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term met-
aphorically, and not literally. I mean "no
scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I al-
lude to any of the gossip of sixty years since.
But I shall never forget the shock given to
my early prejudices, and the "battering-out"
of all my preconceived ideas at hearing, when
I was a boy, a very celebrated gentleman,
distinguished in the field and in the cabinet,
whose public life was mostly of the last cen-
tury, say in a careless manner, as if it were
the tidiest truism in the world he was utter-
ing, "Why, madam, you know Franklin
was an oldascal!" He added some specu-
lations, which I do not now remember, but
the amount was, he had feathered his nest
well at the public expense. Franklin was
no saint in his private life, and he never pre-
tended to be one; but I believe it is now
pretty well understood that he was "an in-
different honest," as Hamlet says, in his pub-
lic life, and that Prince Posterity has dis-
missed the charges preferred by some of his
contemporaries against his political honesty.
It will not be many years before this monu-
ment of the most celebrated man that Bos-
ton, not to say America, ever produced, will
be demolished, and the place that knows it
will know it no more, unless something be
done to save it. It will be a burning shame
and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its
wealth and its pretensions to liberality, and
its affectionate reverence for its great men,
to suffer the most historical of its houses to
be destroyed, when the rise in real estate in
that neighborhood shall so long to take
the chances of business! It should have
been bought years ago, and placed in the
hands of the Historical Society, or some other
permanent body, in trust, to be preserved
forever in its original condition. It is not too
late to restore it to something like its first es-
tate, and to save it from utter destruction.—
If it be not done, it will be a source of shame
and sorrow when it be too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has
been destroyed within this century, to the in-
finite discredit of the rich men of the "Lit-
erary Emporium of the New World"—as
the great Keen christened it, when it was in
the height of its delirium in the "Kean Fe-
ver." That house stood in Milk street, a lit-
tle below the Old South Church, on the op-
posite side of the way, and the spot is marked by
a "Furniture Warehouse," five stories high,
which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet
Warehouse in Hanover street. The printing
office of James Franklin, where Franklin
served his apprenticeship, where he used to
put his anonymous communications under the
door, where he used to study when the rest
were gone to dinner, and where he used
sometimes to get a flogging from his brother.
—(perhaps I was too saucy and provok-
ing," as he candidly, and with great proba-
bility, says of himself.) James' printing
office was in Queen (now Court) street, near-
ly opposite the Court-house, on the corner of
Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mis-
taken, derives its name from this circum-
stance.

D. Y.

Virtue.—The everlasting hills will crum-
ble to dust, but the influence of a good act
will never die. The earth will grow old and
perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever
green, and will flourish throughout eternity.
The moon and stars will grow dim, and the
sun roll from the heavens; but true and un-
defiled religion will grow brighter and bright-
er, and not cease to exist while God himself
shall live.